

The Academy Herald

Published in the Interests of Gould's Academy

Vol. XXV

Bethel, Maine, May, 1921

No. 2

EASTMAN & ANDREWS

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EDWARD P. LYON

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BETHEL, MAINE, MAY, 1921

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THE ACADEMY HERALD

Devoted to the interests of

GOULD'S ACADEMY

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UNFORGOTTEN

Alone in their silent resting-place
Exhausted, yet honored, they lie.
Pioneers toward an unknown realm,
Chosen to fight and to die.
O'er them floats the flag of our Nation
Placed there each year by you.
Wind and rain blot the red from the Emblem,
But the stars and the blue hold true.
The red of our Flag was their heart-throb,
The white was their duty toward you,
Which upheld them when flesh faltered,
Like their souls shone the stars and the blue.
The flags on their graves show our worship,
Which falters not thro' the years,
Mute token of our affection,
Our sympathy and our tears.
Death cannot rob them of life with us,
Nor silence their endless fame,
Tho' many lie in a foreign land,
Alone, bereft even of name,
For the sunlight, which drifts down upon
them,
Still leads to a path overhead,
Bidding us honor our living heroes,
As we cherish those who are dead.

Lilian True Bryant.

Weary? Some. Want a rest? Yes. Glad it's all over with? Rather—yet we have had many good times while working together on the Herald. So says the editorial staff. Pleasure in work? There certainly is in this kind of work, for we are forced, or rather obliged, to study the personalities and traits of our schoolmates, and to give others an idea of what kind of a school we have, what we are doing to help others and also what we are doing for our own pleasure and improvement. This issue of the Herald is the last one to be published under the present staff. We wish to thank all those who have aided us with the Herald, and to say to the new workers who will take our places next year: “Good luck to you! It will mean work, but you’ll find it enjoyable and beneficial.”

—o—

Be courteous! It costs you nothing to be polite to your teachers and to have regard for your companions. Washington was a gentleman who was loved by young and old. One day, in company with a friend, he passed a colored man who saluted him with manifest respect. Washington acknowledged his politeness with a bow, whereupon his friend objected to such deference to a negro. “Would you have him be more gentlemanly than I?” answered the great man. We cannot all be Washingtons or Lincolns, but we can all remember that:

“Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

Do you know that while we are in school we are forming the habits which will cling to us all our lives? If we perform our school tasks carelessly, we form the habit of carelessness. If we bluff in school, we are inclined to try to bluff our way through life. If we practice procrastination now, all our days will be spent in vainly trying to catch up with ourselves. Think! Are these habits growing upon you? If so, remember that it isn't necessary to wait for the New Year to make resolutions. Turn over a new leaf now, and on that leaf let this be written indelibly:

“Accuracy, neatness, promptness in all your work. Fairness to your classmates, your teachers and yourself. Honesty in every word and deed.”

COMMUNICATION

Those who are getting an education to-day will be interested to know that the method which is used in teaching them is very greatly different from the method of years ago, not only in regard to what is taught but in the way of teaching. There was a time when students learned by rote; that is, simply learned to repeat and remember what someone else had told them. Their great teachers sat with them and told them the things they should know, or they sat with book or parchment in hand and conned the pages over and over again until they were firmly fixed in memory. In the middle ages teachers taught what they believed to be true, and the student had to accept it as truth whether he believed it or it was proven to him or not. For example, they said that the sun moves around the earth, and Gal-

leo got into no end of trouble because he said it didn't. Galileo tried to show that the only valuable knowledge is what we can prove. That is the modern idea of education—to show how and why things are as we think they are—and the great teachers to-day know that we will learn best if we can understand every step that we take. That is why a pupil must be very thorough in his work, even though he will never have to answer any particular question in an examination. He may not need certain facts for the examination paper, but there is something inside him that does need them as foundation stones for what he is to do later.

Another thing that teachers are learning about their work is this: that there is something inside the pupil which is very wonderful and which needs to be cultivated if he is to become truly educated. Some people call this your genius, or your personality, or your soul. When it is thoroughly developed in you it is often called character. The chief aim of education, then, is to develop something that is already within you but which would not be unfolded without training. The thing that distinguishes the educated man from the uneducated one should not be the number of facts he may know, but the finer quality of his personality and that which we call culture. It is to obtain this that we study Latin, Greek and foreign languages. These languages put us in touch with minds of other men with high, fine thoughts and beautiful concepts which we unconsciously make our own.

Now, if the student will bear this in mind while he is studying and will sometimes say to himself, "This is making me into a finer man—or woman—and more able and lovable in every direction," he will draw out of his text something that he would not otherwise

obtain. If the ideal of education is this culture of character and personality, then we ought to be constantly thinking of the qualities of personality that we would like to have, and we should constantly hold in mind the ideals that are ours. This is one reason why we read the lives of great men, that we may study the beautiful things that made them great, and then strive to cultivate them in our own lives.

Now the ideals that we have of what we would like to be and do will decide largely the kind of person we are going to be, and it is to explain why this is so that I am writing this little article for the Herald. We have long been told that we ought to have high ideals, but perhaps we have not been told why we should have them. We can learn this from a study of the mind.

I do not know whether you have read or studied very much in psychology, but nearly everyone knows a little about the mysteries of the mind which have been discovered from the study of psychology during the past twenty years or so. Our word psychology comes from two Greek words meaning knowledge and the "psyche" or soul, or your self. All of us have seen some strange activities of the mind, and psychology tries to account for these and explain how and why the mind acts the way it does, and when the mind acts in a certain way we say the psyche or self is acting that way. For example, in hypnotism we see a person acting in a strange and apparently unnatural way, doing whatever he is told to do by the operator, and we want to know why the person who is hypnotized does what he does. I remember, when I was a student at Gould's, that we went to Odeon Hall one time to see a hypnotist, and this man was able to make other people do things that he told them, though he felt quite sure that they would not have

done them if they had been in a normal condition. Some people thought it was all "fake," but others who knew something about the working of the mind knew that it was genuine. The explanation of such things is in the understanding of the twofold nature of the mind. Each of us has a mind that acts in two distinct ways. One is called objective and the other subjective. We do not have two minds, but our mind acts as though we had two. The objective mind is that activity of the mind that we usually think of when we say: "That person has a mind of his own," or "a will of his own"; or "I gave him a piece of my mind"; or "I thought it all out"; or "I figured it out this way." It is the mind that plans and purposes and decides what we are to do, and once it was thought that this was the only phase of mind that a person had. Now we know that he has another phase of mind, which is called the unconscious mind, and that is the mind that controls most of the activity of his body. We speak of the involuntary muscles of the body. We mean that they move without our conscious thought; that is, without our objective mind willing them to move. But the unconscious mind, or subjective mind, decides all their movement or causes them to move always. For example, when we are asleep the heart beats, the blood circulates, the lungs contract and expand, new cells are born in various parts of the body and old cells are carried off in the blood and dumped out as refuse. This is the work of the unconscious or subjective mind, and that mind goes on ceaselessly building the body. It is a carpenter building up a body through the making of new cells.

Now this mind goes on acting in the way that is natural to it without any conscious thought on the part of the in-

dividual, and no one has to say to his heart: "You beat tonight while I sleep," or to his stomach: "You go on digesting while I take a nap." But, strangely enough, if you terrify a person, the stomach will not go on digesting. For instance, if you take a cat and put bismuth in its food, and watch its digestion with the use of the X-Ray, you will see the stomach working in perfect rhythm and digestion going on in perfect harmony while you are stroking the cat's fur. But the moment you let a strange dog into the room, the cat's fur rises, its tail twitches, and its stomach stops digesting. This shows us that strong thoughts or fears act upon this unconscious mind and cause it to change its plan of working. In other words, this mind does what it is told to do. When a person is hypnotized, then, his objective or conscious mind stops working for a little while but not his unconscious mind, and this unconscious mind carries out the orders of the hypnotist. The person then acts, as we say, "without thinking", or without choosing for himself. If he is told that he is a bear, he at once thinks he is and begins to growl. (Some people do that without being hypnotized!) If he is told that he is a learned philosopher, he begins to speak very wisely; if he is told that he is a fool, he begins to act like one. Now, this shows us that the mind which we call subjective, which builds our body, governs our lives, is like the earth—it will grow any seed we plant in it. If you plant cucumber seeds in the earth you will get cucumbers; if you plant potatoes you will get potatoes; if you plant sweet peas you will get sweet peas. And this mind in us is just like that; you can plant any seed in it that you wish, and you will get a harvest just like it.

This explains why people have to be

careful of the ideals they hold; the unconscious mind goes on creating in the body and in the character something that corresponds exactly with the thoughts. For example, if a person's ideal of manhood is that of strength, his body gradually becomes very strong, very erect, his head and chest are held high and he walks with a sure step. But if his ideal of manhood is to "treat 'em rough", he is likely to begin to beat up weaker boys, terrorize everyone smaller than himself—and run from everyone who is larger. We call him a bully. If a little boy's ideal is an Indian, he goes out into the alley and begins to whoop it up for dear life, but if it is George Washington, he sits erect upon his wooden horse and surveys the world with dignity. If a man's idea is to make money no matter what the method he uses, the mind in him will cunningly plan how to make money and show him ways to get it; but he may become dishonorable or a miser. If, on the other hand, his idea is to do good and to help his fellow men, the mind within him will plan ways to do good and to help the race. This wonderful creative mind within is impersonal, like the soil, and by impersonal we mean that it does not make any choice for itself but lets the objective mind make the choice for it. And if the objective mind is weak and changing, the strongest mind next to the individual will make the choice for him. Thus, if a boy who is not strong-minded associates with a vulgar friend, he begins to have the same vulgarity and thinks it big to curse and tell indecent stories. But if, on the other hand, he happens to come into contact with some boy who is splendid and fine, and even religious, he begins to imitate him and to act in a similar manner and think in a similar way. I remember a young man who attended Gould's who

was of an exceptionally beautiful character and fineness of disposition so long as he was in Bethel, but when he went to one of the colleges and fell in with a crowd of fast young men he became an exceptional dissolute.

All this reveals to us the reason why we should hold high ideals and have lofty ambitions for ourselves, because we can choose the ideals and the subjective mind will build a strong or weak character to fit our ideals. The same is true of our bodies. If a person is full of fear, worry, the body becomes nervous, weak and shaky. If he is hopeful, cheerful, the body becomes strong. We can see this clearly if we notice how an angry man becomes red in the face, a frightened one turns white. And they say that envy turns us green; but many of us have already turned.

We began by saying that the study of psychology is the study of the "psyche" or soul, and we learn, then, that the soul is the builder of the body, and decides the conditions of our lives and our destiny, as our great American poet said:

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea.

This is my personal message to the students of Gould's and I express my desire that each one of you shall wisely choose the ideals which you are to make the standard of your life. Thus you will grow into more beautiful character and present a more pleasing personality to the world. And in this way you will serve the world in a bet-

ter way than you could otherwise, because the world is more concerned with what you are than with what you tell it it ought to be.

Fenwicke L. Holmes, '02.

A SPRINGTIME PLEASURE

(Class Theme)

If you have ever lived on a farm, where there are plenty of maple trees you have experienced that thrill which runs through one's blood in the Spring, when the first buckets are hung to catch the sweet sap. If you never have experienced this thrill, you have missed one of the greatest pleasures that Nature can offer.

Now, come with me to the country, and try to imagine that it is springtime. Warm, sweet April is nearly here. The ground is commencing to lose its snowy covering. Even the air is so pure, that the moment you step out of doors your blood goes coursing widely through your veins, with the very joy of living.

If you are a girl imagine that you are going with Dad and the hired man to tap the first trees. If you are a boy, just imagine that you are one of those that are going along with the rest, to help in the long anticipated treat.

We will start on our short journey to the "sugar orchard" on a long sled, loaded with buckets and spiles, and drawn by a pair of frisky "grays." First we pass the "sap house," which contains the evaporator, and continue on our way, breaking a road through the snow to the farther end of the orchard. Here we commence the tapping. One of the boys holds the reins, another brings the buckets as they are needed, and you yourself may hold the

spiles, while Dad bores the holes in the trees.

At this point you feel another pleasing sensation. After the spile has been inserted in the first tree, and the bucket has been hung, all stand breathlessly watching the drops of silvery liquid, drip, drip, drip into the bucket. Did you ever hear any sweeter music than the patter of those drops?

Now let us imagine that the hundreds of trees have been tapped, and the buckets are brimming full of sap. Dad loads the big sap barrels on the sled and we start out for the second time. In a very few minutes—minutes that seem like so many hours to us—we reach the first bucket.

Ah! the taste of that cool sweet liquid. It seems that you can never drink enough. It makes you remember that spring is really here. As you stand there in the snow, drinking from the bucket of sap, that happy thrill of joy runs through you again, making you feel glad that you are alive to enjoy this wonderful gift of Nature's springtime.

E. I. E., '23.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ARMY TENT

(Class Theme)

In early spring I was planted by an old dorky in a southern field. I soon sprouted and pushed up through the soft brown soil. I grew quite fast and was soon a good sized bush. Then my buds began to come and they grew larger and larger until they burst their tight cases and spread their fluffy white petals to the bright, warm sunshine.

I grew on the edge of a field in which were many other bushes and round white balls like myself. A great pine

tree grew beside me and the darkies thought a great deal of this tree because of its shade. I grew to be good friends with the old pine and we whispered to each other in the cool evening breezes.

One day in early fall the darkies came down the row picking all the white balls in sight and I was among them. My happy life was about to be ended. A fat old darky put me into a large wicker basket with many others of my kin with whom I soon made friends. I was taken from the basket and packed in a bag. Then some other baskets were piled on top of me until I was very uncomfortable. At last the weight seemed to grow lighter and lighter. I soon noticed that the bags on top were being thrown off by two men. One man took hold of each end of a bag as they tossed it onto a large wagon. I was almost on the top, there being only a few above me, so I was not as uncomfortable as before. The wagon began to move after awhile and I noticed it was drawn by two big black horses. I was carried quite a distance on the wagon, then we stopped in front of a small building.

I was kept in this building for some time then I was carried to a machine which was called a gin. This thing took my seeds and burr, ruining my good looks forever. From the gin I was put in a large bale and packed in cars for a long trip to the northern states. My journey ended in a cotton mill. Here I was placed in a large room and left about a month to dry.

At last I was carried to the carding room and put into a machine almost as bad as the gin. Here I was removed of all sticks, mud and other things not good for the making of cloth. It tore me into shreds. Some men gathered what was left of me and my associates who had received the same treatment.

Next I was taken to the spinning room. Here I was put through a machine which twisted and pulled me into a long thread. I was taken from this machine to another and then another. Each time I was transferred I was put with another strand just my size but, after being pulled and twisted, I grew smaller and smaller instead of larger. Each time I was changed from one machine to another I was packed in a leatherboard can.

After I came out of the spinning room I went to the dyeing room. Here I was dyed and then carried to the starching room. There was a big machine in the middle of the room. At one end was a tub containing a white, hot, sticky substance called starch. At the other end was a very hot place which I was put through after coming from the starch. When I came out I was pretty dry. I was really ashamed of myself because I was a dirty khaki color and, instead of being soft, I was very stiff.

Then it was that I met my old friend, the pine tree. His fate had been as sad as mine. He had been cut down and made into bobbins, onto which I was wound after being dyed and starched. After being wound onto the bobbin I was put into a large box, about four feet deep and four feet square, with many other bobbins of thread. In this box I was rolled half way down the floor. I stopped right in front of a machine called a loom. The boy who had pushed the box along the floor was called a bobbin-boy and his work was to put me onto a small steel shaft which was about eight inches tall and very smooth. One end of me was run through a small groove and over a lot of threads running in the same direction, then I was lowered and found myself with the others I had met above. I was in the weaving room and about to be wov-

en into cloth. A bobbin in a box which was the shape of a cylinder, only one side was put over and under me until there were threads running back and forth on each side of me. When it went under me it went over my neighbor and when it went under my neighbor it went over me. I was soon woven into strong drill.

From the loom I was rolled slowly and wound tightly around a steel shaft. When I was all rolled the rod was slipped out and a wooden block, round in shape, was put in its place.

Now I was sent to the cutting room, a large room with many machines called cutting machines, located on the other side of the street from the mill. I was unwound gradually and as one section went in, it came out as tent flaps. I was now separated and sent to different sewing machines along the sides of the room, two flaps going to the same machine. Here I was sewed to another piece of drill of the same weight and color as myself. Other pieces of drill were cut into triangular pieces for the top. The sides of the triangle were sewed together and a piece of cloth about four feet long was sewed tightly to the base of each triangle, forming the walls. Then the sides of the walls were sewed together and the tent was ready for the guy ropes which were fastened into rings at intervals of about three feet along the seam where the top and sides, or walls, met. Along the bottom where the different sections of walls were sewed, similar rings were sewed with shorter ropes to hold me down in case of a strong wind. A larger hole was made at the top and a ring was sewed firmly into the hole. I was now a real army tent in "Uncle Sam's" great army and about to be sent to France.

I was packed for the longest voyage

I had ever been on as yet. It was a rough trip. I rolled and bumped and banged against the other tents, but we were tightly rolled and packed so we were not hurt. My voyage came to an end in about two weeks, and I was none the worse for the trip.

I was transported to the front section in a small freight car not nearly as large as the ones I had travelled in when I was in America. I was unpacked from my cramped quarters by a smiling Irishman, who, I soon learned, was very jolly. The Irishman had two assistants and was called a Corporal. The same trio put me right side up and then raised me on a nice new pole.

I was now the home of a group of merry, but hard-fighting men.

One day about the last of my government service a soldier was brought in by two comrades. He was groaning loudly. One of the men said he was dying. The mystery of his groans was solved to me for if he was dying I didn't wonder at them, for I remembered the time when I was dyed at the mill in my earlier days and it was awful.

I was in the service two months more, then I was packed for the home voyage, which was as disagreeable as the other one.

Upon reaching America I was held in the Quartermaster's Department and then sold to a merry little fellow who uses me for a circus tent.

S. A. R., '24.

GERALDINE'S AWAKENING

(Class Theme)

"How I do wish that I lived in the city," thought Geraldine as she lay beneath the apple-tree on the soft green

grass with her magazine in her hands. It was a beautiful spring day. The tree above her was in full blossom and the velvety pink and white petals came drifting down at every gust of wind. There were countless numbers of bees, gathering honey and making a very pleasant droning sound. Birds were singing joyously. This was, indeed, a day for everyone to be happy, but Geraldine was not.

Perhaps if she knew how unhappy she made her mother and father, she would have tried harder to hide her discontent. There were no brother or sisters and her parents tried very hard to make Geraldine happy.

As she slowly turned the pages of the magazine, she noticed the picture of a child with its arms outspread and beneath it these words, "Help a child to find a home." The droning of the bees made her sleepy, so she put down her magazine and watched a fleecy cloud float slowly across the deep blue sky.

She soon fell asleep. In her dreams she could see a child pleading, pleading for the fresh air, and sunlight, and a home.

After she awoke, she lay thinking for a long time. That evening she had a talk with her mother and father. The following day a letter was sent to the "Children's Home Society" in a nearby city. Before long a letter came back, telling them to meet a little girl at the afternoon train.

That afternoon Geraldine and her father drove to the station. A little girl alighted from the train. She was about five years old, very thin and pale, with large, sad, brown eyes. Geraldine hurried up to Isabel, for that was the child's name, and they all went back to the carriage and were soon driving over the country road. Geraldine tried

to get Isabel to talk, but she was too interested in the many beautiful things about her. The beautiful trees, flowers, and birds were all new to her. As they slowly drove into the farm house yard Isabel ventured shyly, "Is this where I'm going to stay?"

During the many days that followed Geraldine did not have time to be unhappy. She spent most of her time in the woods and fields with Isabel. It was indeed a new Isabel. Her cheeks were now plump and rosy, and her eyes were pools of dancing light.

One day as they were sitting under that same apple tree, now laden with fruit, Isabel said rather wistfully, "I wish some of the children back there had some of this luscious fruit or could sit under this tree with us and be as happy as I am." Geraldine's eyes filled with tears, as she thought, "I wonder if the country is so bad after all."

When autumn came and it was time for Isabel to go back to the "Home," a letter went instead, saying that she had found a home. D. B. G., '23.

GOULD'S ACADEMY CELEBRATES

Taken from the Lewiston Journal of May 7

The announcement by Principal Frank E. Hanscom, at chapel exercises on Friday morning, that the contract for a new gymnasium for Gould's Academy had been awarded, was greeted with a wild storm of applause by the student body.

The event was further celebrated on Friday evening by a mass meeting which started with an athletic rally, at which enthusiastic speeches were made

and the different members of the athletic teams were cheered to the echo.

A procession was then formed and marched around the town, singing the school songs, giving the school yells and cheering the faculty and trustees of the institution. At each stopping place the heartiest cheer of all was given for Mr. William Bingham, the donor of the proposed gymnasium, whose wise and generous benefactions promise to make Gould's Academy second to no school in New England in equipment, strength of faculty, diversity of courses offered, and, best of all, in keeping the expense within the means of every ambitious boy or girl that is earnestly seeking to acquire an education.

Ground will be broken for the new gymnasium within one week, and the work will go forward to completion in time for the opening of the new school year. The building will be of brick, 50 by 80 feet. The basement will contain a central heating plant to heat all the buildings on the campus,—dressing rooms for the athletic teams, both boys and girls, with showers, lockers, etc. A separate dressing room with showers, lavatories, etc., will be provided for visiting teams.

The ground floor will contain the gymnasium proper, with stage and dressing rooms for same; also director's and apparatus rooms. A balcony will surround the room on three sides, thus giving a seating capacity of seven hundred, when the room is used as an auditorium. The second floor will be given over to an up-to-date running track.

The plans and specifications were drawn by Coolidge & Carlson, the well known architects of Boston, who will supervise the work of construction. It is their assertion that no better gymnasium will be found in any secondary school in New England.

In addition to the gymnasium other important improvements will be made on the campus during the summer vacation. The Domestic Arts cottage will be enlarged to give added room for the cooking laboratory and two or three rooms for girls will be added, thus enabling a group of eight or ten girls to live in the cottage at one time. The manual training building will be completed and equipped in the best possible manner. This building will contain machine shop and garage in basement, wood working shops on ground floor and finishing and storage rooms on second floor. The Academy building will also be improved by the addition of a new colonial entrance, new and enlarged recitation rooms and the installation of an up-to-date heating and ventilating system.

That Gould's Academy has entered upon the best decade in her long and honorable history there can be little doubt, and Principal Frank E. Hanscom, who for twenty-four years has worked unceasingly for the upbuilding of the school, is to be congratulated on the growth and progress which the school has made. During his administration he has seen the attendance twice doubled, the buildings increased from one to five, the faculty enlarged and strengthened, the curriculum broadened and diversified, and from an almost total lack of endowment has arisen a financial backing that promises to make the future of the school secure for all time.

Principal Hanscom announces that it is not the purpose of those who have the school in charge to build up a large school, but to evolve a school that shall stand second to none in ideals and in scholastic standards, to this end, only those who can furnish the best of references as to character and fitness will be

admitted.

The following tribute was recently paid to Gould's Academy by the president of one of our Maine colleges:

"Gould's Academy has been for nearly a century one of the most useful secondary schools in Maine; nor has it ever been more useful than at the present time. It is the only school that can meet the needs of pupils of small means in one of the most interesting parts of our State. The boys and girls that attend Gould's Academy are of good stock, and this institution, with its inspiring history and traditions, with its rare environment of noble hills and beautiful valleys, and with its earnest, scholarly and sympathetic teachers, is yielding a fruitage of popular intelligence, thrifty habits and good citizenship not surpassed by any school of its grade in our country."

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT

This new department of Gould's took up its official headquarters January 4th in the Cottage, just back of the Academy building. From that time until the official opening to the public, the Household Arts classes were busy settling and putting the house in order. Many new lessons in housekeeping were thereby emphasized and the longed for cooking lessons began. The girls all manifest a great interest in the small establishment and work willingly for its perfection.

Household Art Girl's Creed

Any Household Art girl's creed should be:

To be fully supplied in the laboratory with all necessary equipment.

To be neat, trim, and clean in dress,

coiffure, and person.

To be always ready with note-book and pen in the class-room.

To be prompt and pay attention to the directions.

To be on time and keep up with all class work.

To be able to finish what you attempt and do it well.

To be polite and help everyone as you would want them to help you.

To be sure and have things neat, clean, and attractive in the home.

To be ready for emergencies.

B. E. T., '23.

The Opening of the Household Art's Cottage

Everyone was quite excited over the opening of the Household Art's Cottage. First, Miss Seybolt divided our classes—choosing some to serve tea, some to serve crackers, lemon and sugar, some to work in the kitchen and two general managers. This left quite a few who acted as individual hostesses.

The housekeeping classes had the task of cleaning for the occasion. The Cottage was scrubbed and polished until it shone like glass. The decorations were cut flowers and plants of tulips kindly loaned by Dr. Gehring.

Mrs. F. E. Hanscom and Mrs. E. C. Park poured tea, which the girls served. The girls in the kitchen wore their large white cooking aprons while the hostesses and the girls who were serving wore their serving aprons which they had made themselves.

In the sewing room there were several articles made by the different classes.

There were about one hundred people there. Everyone praised the work and admired the furnishings.

S. A. B.

School Lunches

Through the co-operation of the Normal and Household Arts Departments of the Academy, the Senior Normal girls have been given an opportunity to practice making and serving very simple school lunches.

A hot dish of cocoa or some nourishing soup with the child's dinner, which he brings from home, is found by many teachers to be of great importance to the child, for it gives him renewed strength to work upon during the afternoon. Children get tired of a cold dinner and in a great many cases they are apt to lose their appetite.

In the Senior Normal Class there are ten girls. Each day two girls make out their menus and figure on what each portion of material used costs. If we are to have pea soup, for example, we go to the Domestic Art's Cottage and put the peas to soak the day before. The next morning we put them into the kettles and place them on the stove to simmer until eleven-fifteen. The two girls on duty then finish preparing their project. Some other dishes prepared have been, cocoa, codfish soup, creamed potatoes and meat soup.

At twelve o'clock two boys come over from the Grammar School and take the soup over to the teacher in charge of the noon hour. She serves the children as they march up with their own cup, saucer and spoon.

In a rural school a teacher is sometimes aided in her costs by having donations of either milk or vegetables, but here in our work we furnish everything necessary. Each child pays fifteen cents a week or, if he wishes, he may pay three cents a day. That includes food only, as we had the necessary equipment at the Cottage.

On an average forty-five children have been served each day. The lunch-

es have been made during six weeks. The children in general seem satisfied, but many have withdrawn because of warm weather and better travelling conditions.

The co-operation of the parents has been gratifying. The future success of the project, however, will be due to stronger co-operation by the parents and general child health education with its emphasis on the diet and its relation to the healthy growing school child.

A. R., '21.

BIRTHDAY GREETING

to

Principal F. E. Hanscom

On the morning of March 24th, Principal F. E. Hanscom was pleasantly surprised to find upon his desk at school a substantial birthday gift from his associate teachers in the Academy, together with the following original poem, which is deemed well worthy an honored place in the columns of the Herald.

This is the month, and this thy natal day
Whereon, though many years have played
their part,

Our messenger of love doth seek its way
To bear a birthday greeting to thy heart.
Our dearly loved Principal, 'tis true,
We daily reap a harvest from your life,
Our ways are brighter just because of you
And your friendship, with kindness ever rife.
Then here's your health and all good wishes,
too,

That you may long be blest in coming years,
With life and strength, true friends, and all
that cheers.

All these good wishes, yes, and many more
Attend this little gift we're leaving at thy
door.

SCHOOL NOTES



Doris Denney '20

Shortly after the opening of the Winter term, a splendid Victrola was presented to the Academy by Mrs. Gehring, who explained that such a gift was made possible through the Morris Pratt Memorial Fund. Mr. Upton and Mrs. Gehring gave a large number of very fine records, including not only popular but classical selections. A short concert was given, and greatly appreciated by the entire school and the many friends who attended.

In order to stimulate more interest and enthusiasm in declamations, the faculty decided to hold public speaking contests. Those eligible for the contests must show promptness, interest and diligence in the preparation of their regular declamations. Those chosen for the first public speaking were: Seniors, Alice Eames, Annabel Snow, Doris Keene, Horace Morse; Alternate, Gertrude Harrington. Juniors, Margaret Hanscom, Florence Young, Edward Hanscom, Walter Inman; Alternate, Thelma Kilgore. Sophomores, Olive Wiley, Helen Beckler, Rodney Bartlett, Warren Brown; Alternate, Elsie Enman. Freshman, Gene Saunders, Freddie Philbrick; Alternate, Arnold Eames.

Those chosen for the public speaking in the Spring term were: Juniors, Margaret Hanscom, Florence Young, Ferol Brinck, Edward Hanscom, Harold Bennett, Thelma Kilgore. Sophomores, Olive Wiley, Hilda Brooks, Rodney Bartlett, Lauris Tyler, Warren Brown. Freshmen, Gene Saunders, Lilla Morse, Freddie Philbrick, Shirley Rawson, Taylor Clough.

Morning classes were excused in order that the pupils might attend town meeting.

The Seniors realized about \$8.00 from their "Shamrock" sale.

During the interval given to mid-term examinations, the schedule was arranged so that the school might attend the Chapman concert.

The class parts were assigned as follows:

Valedictory—Alice Eames

Salutatory—Walter Rand

History—Vivian Wight

Prophecy—Annabell Snow

Class Gift—Olin Boothman

Gifts to Class—Doris Keene, Gertrude Harrington

Oration—Horace Morse

Original Musical Selection—Richard Russell

The Class Ode was competitive to all, and the one written by Katherine Brown was selected.

During the Winter term the Seniors held a very enjoyable social for the benefit of the Senior Class. The patronesses were: Mrs. F. E. Hanscom, Miss Wight, Miss Litchfield, Miss Whitman, Mrs. Russell.

Afternoon sessions were excused when the Grange very kindly invited

the school to attend a most educational and inspiring lecture on Home Gardening by Dr. Twitchell, formerly of Gould's.

Classes were excused between March 24 and April 4 for the Spring recess.

Graduation this year is held on June 8th.

WHO'S WHO AT HOLDEN HALL

The New Sub-Master—Mr. Robinson.
The Great Dramatic Reader—Bessie Trask.

The Best Barber—William Chapman.
Banquo's Ghost—Gwen Bartlett and Alice Mundt.

The Clown—Edith Trask.

The Most Famous Declamer—Horace Morse.

The New Matron—Mrs. Sampson.

The Bashful Boy (?)—Phil Beckler.

The Greatest Borrower — Alice Brown.

The Most Studious Girls — Alice Eames and Annabel Snow.

The Person Who Knows the Most Jokes—Enoch Foster.

The Greatest Vamp—Miriam Martin.

The Candy Keeper—Rodney Linnell.

A Wonderful Story-teller — Agnes Foster.

Late to Supper—Thelma Kilgore.

The Recent Arrival—Samuel Clough.

The Monologue—Geneva Grover.

The Professor—Taylor Clough.

We Like to Have Spreads—Hilda Brooks and Elsie Enman.

Off Again, On Again, Gone Again—Gordon Rush.

The Inseparable Pair—Adelia Cummings and Helen Beckler.

Out Late Nights—Rodney Bartlett.

The Greatest Fun-maker — Lilla Morse.

I'm Witty—Donald Sweeny.

The Best Singer—Ferol Brinck.

The Noisiest Boy—Carl Richardson.

Pleasing to Everyone—Ella Hanscom.

The Hairdresser—Frances Morse.

I Like Girls, Especially Freshmen—Shirley Rawson.

A Dear Little Freshman — Genie Saunders.

I Left My Beau at Home—Louise Shordon.

Taking a Vacation—Edward Parrott and Kenneth Wight.

The Rest of the Faculty—Miss Whitman, Miss Wight and Miss Litchfield.

(It wouldn't be safe to say anything about them.)

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Russell (nee Ada Peaslee) both students in the 70's, have for a long time resided in Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. Leslie N. Littlehale is a wholesale grain dealer in Rockland, Maine.

Hon. H. H. Hastings, '87, was recently appointed a member of the Governor's Council in Maine.

Mr. S. A. Wheeler, '70, who for many years resided at Waltham, Mass., is now in Los Angeles.

The many friends of Miss Grace Dixon will be sorry to learn of her death which occurred in Augusta this winter.

Mrs. Irene Merrow Foster, '89, who resides in Dorchester, Mass., spends a portion of her summers at her cottage in Bethel.

Miss Ethel Eames, at one time a member of the class of '00, is employed in the Public Health Service Department in East Norfolk, Mass.

Dr. A. G. Wiley, '91, is practicing medicine at Bar Mills, Maine. Dr. Wiley married Miss Nellie Frost, '93. Their daughter, Olive, is a member of the sophomore class at Gould's.

1894

Albert C. Eames is an attorney-at-law, employed by the Maryland Casualty Co., at Portland, Oregon.

Edwin Gehring is recognized as one of the best physicians in Maine. He is located in Portland, Maine.

Archer Grover continues his work as instructor at the University of Maine.

George Wight resides at Framingham, Mass. He is employed at the State Reformatory for Women.

1895

Howard Wiley is manager of one of the Atlantic and Pacific Stores at Stoneham, Mass.

1899

Florence Carter, teaching in a deaf and dumb school in Portland.

George French resides in Turner, Me.

1901

Ethel Farwell, now Mrs. Charles Prince, resides in Kittery, Maine.

Arthur Richardson, employed in hotel at Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Ruth Bean married Adrian Grover. They reside at West Bethel.

Maude Chute, now Mrs. Charles Pat-ten, resides in Skowhegan, Maine.

Ethel Sanborn married Harry Brooks, once a member of the class of 1903. They reside in Dorchester, Mass. Mr. Brooks is employed as credit man for the Staples Coal Company. He is serving as vice-president of the National Credit Men's Association.

Effie Thurston, now Mrs. Nathan Akers, resides at East Deering, Maine.

1903

Earle Philbrook, employed by the Connecticut Valley Lumber Co., is located at Stewartstown, N. H.

Howard Philbrook is President of the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company. He resides in Boston.

Lucy Morse, now Mrs. Robert Swain, lives in Rumford.

1904

Agnes Barton Haskell resides in Rockport, Mass.

William C. Brooks, employed by Dupont Powder Co., lives at Lovell, Maine.

Margaret Whidden married George Goddard. They live in Plymouth, N. H.

Gladys Wiley, now Mrs. Harvey McClure, resides in Bangor. She has a baby daughter, born recently.

Mrs. Maud Goud Rix resides in Gorham, N. H.

1905

Lyle Blanchard Richardson lives in Berlin, N. H.

Paul Thurston and wife (nee Elsie Hall) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

1906

Neda Richardson, now Mrs. Henry Foster, resides in Clinton, Mass.

J. Harold Young is manager of a clothing store at Holyoke, Mass.

Ida Packard is employed in the Bethel Post Office.

1907

Fitz Vail married Lillian Buck. They live in Portland where he is employed as auditor at the Falmouth Hotel.

Thomas Brown married Edith Thurston, '10. They live in Bethel.

1912

Fred Hall, who married Gladys Buck, is a barber in Bethel.

Cleveland West running a garage at Errol, N. H.

Marjorie Philbrook Rix resides in Shelburne, N. H.

Mona Martyn is employed as a telephone operator at Norway.

1909

Arthur Herrick, who married Eva Glines, '10, is in the automobile business in Bethel.

Carrie King, now Mrs. Paul Loring, resides at Yarmouth, Maine.

Alice Swan married Dr. E. L. Brown, a dentist in Bethel.

1910

Cedric Judkins is running a general store at Upton, Maine.

John Howe and wife (nee Edith Kimball) reside at North Rumford.

Mildred Brown, now Mrs. Arthur Chapman, residing at Mechanic Falls, Maine.

Gladys Russell married Philip Redman of Portland. They reside in Hanover, where Mr. Redman is managing the Russell store.

Carroll Valentine is taking an electrical course at Lowell Institute.

1911

Oscar Judkins has resumed his studies at the University of Maine after serving in the U. S. Army. His brother, Perry, a former Gould's student, is also studying at Maine.

Una Roberts, now Mrs. Arthur Stearns, resides in Hanover. She has a daughter, born recently.

Cecil and Pearl Bennett are employed in office work in Portland.

Ivan Arno, married Winifred Fox of Lisbon, Maine. They live in Errol, N. H.

Leslie Davis married Marie Swan, also a member of this class. They reside in Newry. Mr. Davis is postmaster in that town.

1917

Muriel Park, Smith College, is Vice President of Winthrop House, and also a member of the House of Representatives, which is a part of the Student Government of the College.

Ernestine Philbrook, Bates College, has been chosen to speak in the Senior Exhibition, which occurs commencement week.

Note—Items concerning the more recent alumni were published in the last issue of the Herald. Any information regarding alumni and former students would be gratefully received by the editor.

THE SENIOR CLASS

There's a group of lively Seniors
 In Gould's Academy;
 I'll tell you all about them,
 Their names you cannot see.
 The first that comes into my mind
 Is a girl who's very tall,
 She has black hair and soft, brown eyes,
 Yet has no beau at all.
 The next, a boy with a big round face
 Who is a jolly rogue,
 He has a smile for everyone,
 And dresses in the vogue;
 His sister says just what she means,
 She always tells the truth;
 Some of us have lately found
 She is not Berlin proof.
 I'm sure you know that tall, tall girl,
 Whose marks are very high;
 She used to like the Sophomore class,
 We know the reason why.
 There is a boy in our class
 Who leads in each debate
 Whene'er he has to speak a piece
 He always speaks first rate.
 You know the youngest of the group,
 With golden hair so long;
 She says she really loves to dance
 And doesn't mind a song.
 And then there is a jolly girl,
 Her name you'll surely guess,
 She stays at Mr. Hanscom's house,
 She's "plump" I must confess.
 Then next I see the president
 Who doesn't like to talk;
 But when he's playing basketball
 He never minds a knock.
 If I should mention a certain "Bird,"
 You might see our Seniors two;
 A boy who smiles the livelong day,
 A girl with eyes of blue.
 One of our members thinks she likes
 A Freshman young and gay;
 She says a lot of funny things
 That make us laugh all day.

Here is a maid who comes by train
 So early every day;
 Her eyes are blue, 'tis very true
 She's like a flower in May.
 We have a boy in our class
 Who's very quiet indeed
 When in Latin he comes to horse
 He always calls it steed.
 Now there flits before my eyes
 A lassie bright and gay,
 The treasurer of our class
 So merry all the day.
 We all are very sure we know
 Why someone likes L'Allegro;
 He reads and reads that famous song,
 And on "Trip" he lingers long.
 You know the girl who is so smart
 In classes every day,
 And you have found, I'll guarantee,
 She also likes to play.
 If I should mention auburn hair
 You'd guess the name right now
 Of one who's always glad to help
 And always knows just "Howe."
 A Senior shy is very rare
 You surely will admit,
 And often times at a Senior dance
 He isn't shy a bit.
 From far away there comes to school
 A girl with curly hair;
 She takes much pleasure, I suppose,
 Behind that nice brown mare.
 Sometimes when going by the school
 A Senior may be seen,
 A girl who plays with Freshmen boys,
 And that is true, I ween.
 And last among our class I see
 A boy who likes to play;
 "He'll be a great composer soon,"
 Is what I've heard them say.
 The writer of this poem long
 Is not so fair to see,
 But hopes you'll like her just the same;
 She corresponds to me.
 And now I'll let you guess our names
 In guesses, one, two, three.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name	Known as	Age	Disposition	By-Word
Philip Beckler	"Phil"	16	Mild	Don't rave
Olin Boothman	"Boots"	18	Sublime	Search me
Katherine Brown	"Kate"	17	Changeable	O Lord
Maud Cummings	Maud	17	Cheerful	Mercy!
Alice Eames	"Al"	17	Even	Gee!
Charles Gorman	Charlie	19	Retiring	Haven't any
Gertrude Harrington	"Gert"	17	The kind you like	Darn it!
Arthur Jackson	"Channie"	16	Exasperating	Numerous
Marjorie Jackson	"Marge"	18	Genial	I should worry!
Doris Keene	"Dot"	18	Kind	Lawsy!
Pauline King	"Polly"	Find out if you can	Can't be beat	By gum!
Miriam Martin	"Mim"	18	Sunny	Oh dear
Mildred McInnis	"Millie"	19	Just like Charlie's	Dear me!
Horace Morse	"Morse"	18	Variable	Oh my goodness!
Adelaide Ramsell	"Delia"	She won't tell	Normal	Yessens
Walter Rand	"Captain"	18	Agreeable	I'm ashamed to tell
Richard Russell	"Dicky"	17	Smiling	Oh my!
Annabel Snow	"Nan"	16	Angelic	I'll be jiggered!
Effie Sumner	Effie	17	Happy	Gee whiz!
Margaret Van	"Peggy"	16	Complacent	Look
Vivian Wight	"Viv"	17	Jovial	Heavens woman!

Name	Favorite Study	Favorite Dish	Aspires to be
Philip Beckler	Babbling brooks (?)	Cream toast	Basketball coach
Olin Boothman	Latin	Same as Al's	Printer
Katherine Brown	Nothing special	Pears	Nurse
Maud Cummings	English Lit. (?)	Cider	Schoolmarm
Alice Eames	Virgil	Baked beans	Latin teacher
Charles Gorman	No choice	Same as Maud's	A farmer
Gertrude Harrington	Normal	Hot dogs and coffee?	Elocutionist
Arthur Jackson	Mischief	Wash dish	An athlete
Marjorie Jackson	History	Cabbage	Business woman
Doris Keene	Anything	Dish pan	Good
Pauline King	Same as Maud's	Sand	An artist
Miriam Martin	The "Guy" rope	Fudge	A dancing teacher
Mildred McInnis	Hasn't any	I ain't fussy	More quiet
Horace Morse	History	Tongue	An orator
Adelaide Ramsell	Household Arts	Chop suey	A dressmaker
Walter Rand	Physics	Fulllest one	A married man
Richard Russell	Everything	Ice cream	A second Pader
Annabel Snow	Same as Dickey's	Anything good	An authoress
Effie Sumner	Never found out	French fried potatoes	Horse jockey
Margaret Van	Psychology	All of 'em	Kindergarten teacher
Vivian Wight	Music	Pickled limes	An old maid (?)



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"With malice toward none,
With charity for all."

Mr. Hanseom.

"She glides into our darker musings
With a mild and healing sympathy
That steals away the sharpness ere we are
aware."

Miss Whitman.

"Her life has many a hope and aim."

Miss Litchfield.

"She doeth the little kindnesses which
most leave undone."

Miss Wight.

"They find in him a wise instructor and
a jolly friend."

Mr. Robinson.

"For she has; Love to all,
Friendship to many, Good will to all."

Miss Seybolt.

"In truth, I know not why I am so sad."

Mildred McInnis.

"Real glory springs from the silent con-
quest of ourselves."

Olin Boothman.

"Fair words gladden so many a heart."

Doris Keene.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Gertrude Harrington.

"Calmness in thought indicates force of
intellect."

Charles Gorman.

"Hence! loathed melancholy!"

Edward Parrott.

"Health and cheerfulness mutually beget
each other."

Katherine Brown.

"The basis of her character was good
sound common sense."

Adelaide Ramsell.

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Philip Beckler.

"Books are the best things, well used;
Abused, among the worst."

Pauline King.

"Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come into my great heart."

Walter Rand.

"Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

Arthur Jackson.

"Oh sweet, pale face! Oh lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run lim-
pid and laughing in the summer sun!"

Maud Cummings.

"We can do more good by being good
Than in any other way."

Annabel Snow.

"There's nothing in this world so sweet as
love."

Vivian Wight.

"Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks."

Miriam Martin.

"The multitude is always wrong."

Horace Morse.

"Merry as the day is long."

Effie Sumner.

"There is no secret of success but work."

Alice Eames.

"Health is the condition of wisdom
And the sign of it is cheerfulness."

Margaret Vandenkerekhoven.

"His fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along."

Richard Russell.

"Alas, that we must dwell, my heart and
I, so far apart."

Marjorie Jackson.

"Ability wins us the esteem of the true
men."

Ethel Capen.

"There's nothing serious in mortality."

Elizabeth Emery.

"What is becoming is honorable, and what
is honorable is becoming."

Florence Young.

"Methought I heard a voice cry!
Sleep no more."

Hazel Herrick.

"Run if you like, but try to keep your breath,
Work like a man, but don't be worked to
death."

Ralph Burris.

"Better be despised for too anxious apprehensions
than to be ruined by too confident security."

Dorothy Reid.

"They pass best over the world who trip
over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we
stop we sink."

Agnes Foster.

"Call it auburn, call it not red,
The beautiful hair on the top of her head."

Joan Skillings.

"It is not work that kills men; it is worry."
Why worry?

Walter Inman.

"We show our present joking, giggling race,
True joy consists in gravity and grace."

Rosamond Grover.

"She was wont to speak plain."

Frances Morse.

"I will speak in a monstrous little voice."

Alice Mundt.

"Gather the rose and leave the thorn behind."

Doris Grover.

"For she is just the quiet kind, whose
nature never varies."

Ruth Verrill.

"In arguing the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he would argue
still."

Harold Bennett.

"Kind words and few are woman's ornament."

Stella York.

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Thelma Kilgore.

"I have heard that men of few words are
the best men."

Glyndon Sawin.

"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."

Margaret Hansecom.

"My rage is not malicious; like a spark
Of fire by steel enforced out of flint,
It is no sooner kindled but extinct."

Gwendolyn Bartlett.

"Energy and persistence conquer all things."

Ferol Brinek.

"Girls in front of him,
Girls behind him,
Girls all around him,
How can he study?"

Edward Hansecom.

"He is a good fellow well met."

Rodney Bartlett.

"Resolute of purpose, of strong will."

Erma Marshall.

"Ever willing, ever ready."

Olive Wiley.

"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and shade."

Helen Beckler.

Adelia Cummings.

- "Hence, vain deluding joys."
Evans Wilson.
- "The best hearts are ever the bravest."
Ella Hanscom.
- "And still the wonder grew, that one small
head could carry all he knew."
Roy Davis.
- "There's little of the melancholy element
in her."
Bessie Trask.
- "I sat me down and thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew:
'Tis easier much to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you."
Carl Richardson.
- "'Tis sweet to feel by what fine spun threads
Our affections are drawn together."
Elsie Enman and Hilda Brooks.
- "'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night, alone;
A chaperone she needs, 'till she
Can call some chap 'er own."
Alice Smith.
- "One doer is worth a hundred dreamers."
Warren Brown.
- "A modest blush she wears, not formed by
art."
Edith Trask.
- "Any little boy that's a nice little boy,
Is the right little boy for me."
Dorothy Haines.
- "Innocent, idle, wild, and young."
Everett Marshall.
- "Her eyes were soft and gentle in their
glances."
Celestine Flint.
- "Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anon with rosy red,
The bashful blush her rosy cheek did dye."
Mildred York.
- "On her cheek,
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky."
Dorothy Goodnow.
- "The world knows nothing of its greatest
men."
Forest Stowell.
- "The very flower of youth."
Doris Goodnow.
- "Your nature so winsome and breezy,
Even Time will not wither or fade,
You need never get "fussed" or uneasy
For fear you will be an old maid."
Eunice Smith.
- "As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."
Celia Kimball.
- "A tender heart, but a will inflexible."
Emily Keene.
- "Here is a friend both for earnest and
sport."
Lauris Tyler.
- "Not to be laughed at and scorned because
of his small stature."
Floyd Mason.
- "A youth light-hearted and content."
Gardiner Herriek.
- "A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."
Gertrude Chapman.
- "Wise with a wisdom all his own."
Luther Morse.
- "A happy youth."
Clarence Philbrook.
- "Manhood is not measured by the size of
the chest, but by the quality of the heart."
Rodney Linnell.
- "Better not be at all,
Than not be noble."
Taylor Clough.
- "Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."
Ruth Emery.

"Better be small and shine
Than be great and cast a shadow."

Emiline Heath.

"A man of sense talks little and listens
much."

William Chapman.

"A faultless maiden, gentle and sweet."

Genie Saunders.

"The hand that hath made you fair hath
made you good."

Hildred Keddy.

"'Cause when he smiles
There's miles of smiles."

Donald Sweeney.

"That load becomes light
Which is cheerfully borne."

Geneva Grover.

"They are never alone
Who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

Louise Shordon.

"Whatever is worth doing at all,
Is worth doing well."

Freddie Philbrick.

"The manly part is to do with might and
main what you can do."

Clyde and Elmer Stevens.

"Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue."

Arnold Eames.

"There is great ability in knowing how to
conceal one's ability."

Gordon Rush.

"I never let pleasure interfere with my
education."

Hugh Stearns.

"Hast thou no share of this old world's
cares?"

Ethelyn Dudley.

"She bore a mind that envy could not but
call fair."

Berenice Haines.

"I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger tips,
And sometimes to my nose."

Elsie Flint.

"Admired by all."

Shirley Brooks.

"Ah, but dere's mischief in his eyes."

Edward Swan.

"So much is a man worth as he esteems
himself."

Enoch Foster.

"A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed."

Ruth Hastings.

"Her world was ever joyous."

Tressa Sidelinger.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."

Janet Campbell.

"A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays
and confident tomorrows."

Shirley Rawson.

"Of all blessings, ladies are the soothin'-
est."

Charles Swan.

"The maid is meek, the maid is sweet,
The maid is modest and discreet."

Alice Chapman.

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her
eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of
the sky."

Lillia Morse.

"Do your duty, whatever may come."

Sybil Bennett.

"Quiet, modest, unassuming."

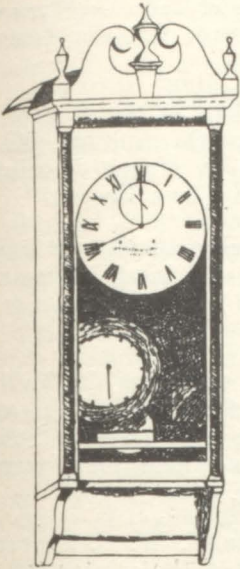
Alfreda Wheeler.

"Love many, trust few,
Always paddle your own canoe."

Hazel Sanborn.

"'Tis the greatest folly
Not to be jolly,
That's what I think."

Alice Brown.



Under
The
School
Clock

"Lollypops."

Wanted—Several mirrors for the girls coat room.

Wanted—Some new toys to replace those captured by Miss Litchfield.

"Have you found a declamation yet?"

"No? When do we have to speak?"

"To-morrow."

"Gee. I must find one tonight."

You can always tell a Sophomore but you cannot tell him much.

Mr. R— (in Junior English)—"Go get some water and wash, Miss Foster."

Mr. R— (in Latin)—"The snake changes his suit every spring."

Miss L— (teaching vowel sounds in Senior French)—"You didn't open your mouth as far as I did."

Mr. R— "We couldn't."

Miss W— (in Normal Class)—"Name some of the habits which the school should help to fix in the mind of a child."

Prompt (?) Student—"Procrastination."

Miss L— (after listening to translation)—"Where does 'squamea' come in?"

Mr. R— (pausing)—"O yes! with 'collo'. They wind themselves around his slimy neck."

Miss K— (reading Macbeth)—"Fears and scruples"—hesitation—"shake us."

Mr. R— "Yes, I was just going to."

Miss F— (in Junior Normal introducing story of Daniel Webster)—"This morning I am going to tell you a story about the man who made the dictionary."

Mr. R— "Define heat of fusion."

Miss V— "Number of calories required to raise a gram of water to the boiling point without changing the temperature."

Definition of a fraction heard in Senior Normal Class—"A fraction is a whole number which can be divided into a certain number of equal parts."

Knowledge obtained from G. G.'s examination in domestic arts—"A sheet should be (36) thirty-six inches long."

Mr. M— (in Physics)—“The law said the boiling point of a substance was 100° C.”

Instructor — “Wh-wh-hoo-who said that?”

A school paper is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the “Herald Board” the blame.

Y. W. C. A.

President—Doris Keene.

Vice-President—Alice Eames.

Secretary—Margaret Hanscom.

Treasurer—Alice Mundt.

Faculty Advisor—Miss Carrie Wight.

The topics and leaders for the winter term were as follows:

Jan. 4 A New Year's Service, John VIII, 12,
Dorothy Goodnow, Leader

Jan. 11 Principles of Christian Living, Matt.
VI, 1-7, 12, Annabel Snow, Leader

Jan. 18 Talk by Mr. Curtis,
Doris Keene, Leader

Jan. 25 Thoughts Which Have Helped Me,
A Leaderless Meeting

Feb. 1 Talk by Mrs. Burbank,
Margaret Hanscom, Leader

Feb. 8 A Lincoln Meeting,
Ferol Brinck, Leader

Feb. 15 Meeting in charge of Music Com-
mittee.

Feb. 22 Lessons from The Life of Washing-
ton, Elsie Enman, Leader

Mar. 1 In charge of Social Committee.

Mar. 8 The Girl at Her Best,
Hilda Brooks, Leader

Mar. 15 The Power of Influence, Romans
XII, Miss Whitman, Leader

Miss Ella B. Quinn, director of Young People's Work in the High St. Congregational Church, Auburn, Me., spoke to the girls on March 8, using for her subject, “A Clean Record.”

The first of March a social was held in the gymnasium. All kinds of games were played and a good time was enjoyed by all.

On the sixteenth of March the Y. M. C. A. entertained the Y. W. C. A. at Grange Hall. The boys gave a short entertainment after which there were games and dancing.

A meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held the last week of the winter term to elect the officers for the coming year. The following were elected:

President—Margaret Hanscom.

Vice-President—Elsie Enman.

Secretary—Rosamond Grover.

Treasurer—Ella Hanscom.

Chairman of Program Com.—Alice Mundt.

Chairman of Membership Com.—Celia Kimball.

Chairman of Social Com.—Dorothy Goodnow.

Chairman of Music Com.—Ferol Brinck.

These officers began their duties at the opening of the spring term.

Y. M. C. A.

President—Horace Morse.

Vice-President—Edward Hanscom.

Secretary—Olin Boothman.

Treasurer—Glyndon Sawin.

Pianist—Richard Russell.

Faculty Advisor—Mr. Hanscom.

Regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been held on Thursday, at which there has been a good attendance.

Miss Brown, a home missionary, gave a very helpful talk to the members of both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

Rev. S. T. Achenbach addressed the boys at one meeting, his topic being, "The Don'ts of Success."

The following members of the Y. M. C. A. attended the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Portland: Rodney Bartlett, Harold Bennett, Olin Boothman, Warren Brown, Walter Inman, Taylor Clough, William Chapman. Reports of each session were given at the next meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

On the evening of March 16 the Y. M. C. A. entertained the Y. W. C. A. and their friends at the Grange Hall with the following program:

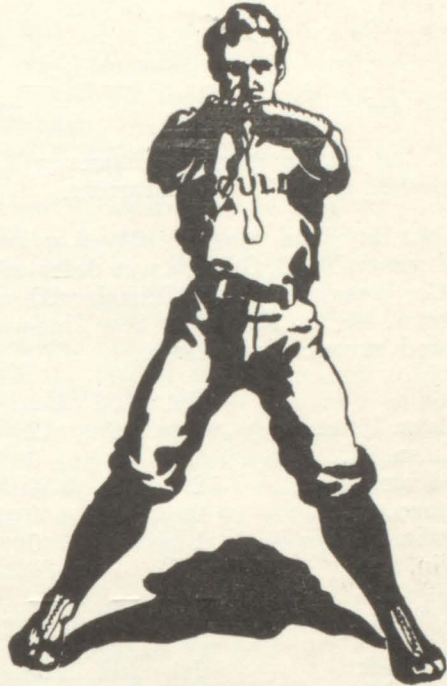
Piano Solo, Richard Russell
THE PUBLIC WORRIER

Cast

Godfrey Giblets, the Worrier, Horace Morse
Dr. Slicer, a physician, Philip Beckler
Mr. Sooner, a lawyer, Philip Beckler
Mr. Skipwell, a cashier, Donald Sweeney
Mr. Leek, an editor, Rodney Bartlett
Mrs. Leek, his wife, Enoch Foster
Henrietta Gimp, a maiden, Rodney Linnell

Those in the receiving line were: Mr. F. E. Hanscom, Mrs. I. H. Wight, Mrs. F. L. Edwards, Miss Wight, Miss Doris Keene and Mr. Horace Morse.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something and strive to attain our admiration for all that would ennoble and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.



ATHLETICS.

BASKET BALL

January 7. Gould's met defeat at West Paris in a clean, fast game by a score of 13 to 31.

Gould's	1st	2nd	Fouls
Beckler, lf.,	1	1	1
Jackson, rf.,	1	2	0
Wight, c.,	1	0	0
Gorman, rg.,	0	0	0
Patterson, lg.,	0	0	0

Total, 13

West Paris	1st	2nd	Fouls
Briggs, lf.,	6	0	0
Coffin, rf.,	4	3	0

Bane, c.,	1	0	0
Chase, rg.,	1	0	0
Proctor, lg.,	0	0	0
Total,	—	—	31

In the return game of January 28 at Bethel, Gould's was victorious.

Feb. 11. In a roughly played game at Bryant's Pond, Gould's was defeated by the Woodstock High School, with a score of 45 to 32. Our new line-up showed encouraging results.

Gould's	1st	2nd	Fouls
Beckler, lf., c.,	1	2	2
Jackson, lf.,	2	3	0
Hansecom, lf., c.,	2	2	0
Gorman, rg.,	0	1	0
Marshall, lg.,	1	0	0
Sawin, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 32

Woodstock	1st	2nd	Fouls
Brooks, lf.,	6	0	1
Morse, rf.,	4	0	0
Brown, c.,	0	0	0
Billings, lg.,	2	3	0
Kimball, rg.,	0	0	0
Linnell, sub., c.,	0	0	0

Total, 45

The return game with Woodstock High which was scheduled for the 18th of February was not played as the opposing team failed to appear. The two boys' and two girls' teams made the evening worth while to a large audience.

Jan. 21. Gould's won a victory over the Mechanic Falls team at Mechanic Falls. This game and the return game of Feb. 25 in which we won an easy victory were both good games, cleanly played and closely fought.

The game scheduled with Stephens High School for the 22nd was cancelled. The condition of the roads prevented the visiting team from coming.

The two best games of the season were played between Gould's and Berlin, N. H. High School, the first at Bethel, March 11th, we lost by a score of 20 to 9.

Gould's	1st	2nd	Fouls
Beckler, lf.,	1	1	1
Jackson, rf.,	1	0	2
York, c.,	0	0	0
Gorman, rg.,	0	0	0
Hansecom, lg.,	0	0	0
Sawin, lg., sub.,	0	0	0
Marshall, sub.	—	—	—
Total,	—	—	9

Berlin	1st	2nd	Fouls
McGiviney, rf.,	0	0	4
Keenan, lf.,	2	0	0
Laffin, c.,	3	2	0
Snyder, lg.,	1	0	0
Madan, rg.,	0	0	0
Total,	—	—	20

The return game was played at Berlin the 18th of March, when Gould's again lost by a score of 15 to 34, after holding the fast New Hampshire quintette to a tie in the first half. Illness kept York, our fast Freshman center, out of this game.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Since the last issue of the Herald the following games have been played:

Jan. 7 the girls won from West Paris by a score of 18 to 14.

Gould's	West Paris
M. Hanscom, lf.,	lf., L. Packard
E. Enman, rf.,	rf., B. Davis
M. Martin, c.,	c., D. Wardwell
E. Marshall, lg.,	lg., S. Marsten
C. Kimball, rg.,	rg., H. Cole

On March 11 the girls again won by defeating the Berlin High girls, 11 to 3.

Gould's	Berlin
M. Hanscom, lf.,	lf., Smyth
E. Enman, rf.,	rf., St. Pierre
M. Martin, c.,	c., McGivney
E. Marshall, lg.,	lg., Hazzard
C. Kimball, rg.,	rg., Morin

The final inter-class game of the season was played between the Juniors and the Sophomores for the class championship. The Sophomores won with the score 2 to 0.

Juniors	Sophomores
M. Hanscom, lf.,	lf., E. Enman
E. Capen, rf.,	rf., D. Goodnow
A. Mundt, c.,	c., H. Brooks
R. Grover, lg.,	lg., E. Smith
E. Marshall, rg.,	rg., C. Kimball

BASE BALL, 1921

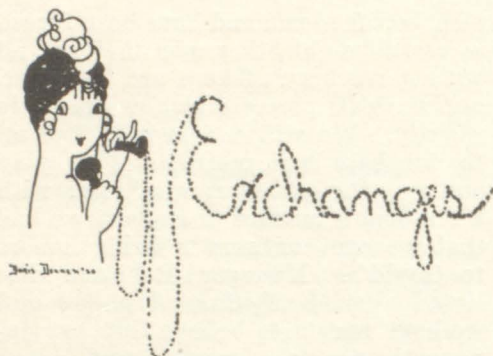
Our prospects for a successful base ball team this season appear to be favorable. While we have only three "old

men" on the team and have been forced to recruit eight other men they are all willing workers. There are, however, a few weak places which we hope to remedy. We will endeavor to live up to our base ball motto: "Fair play and may the best team win", and, with a reasonable amount of support we feel that we can continue to bring honors to Gould's. Manager Robinson has slated a good schedule of games and we have reason to believe that our opponents are all snappy and clean teams. Owing to the location of our base ball diamond it has been impossible to practice on it before our first few games. Nevertheless, after summing up our outlook for this season we are confident that we have a team which will offer a creditable game to any high school.

W. H. Rand, Captain

Following is the schedule:

- April 19—Bethel Independents at Bethel.
- April 23—West Paris High at West Paris.
- April 27—Bethel Independents at Bethel.
- May 4—Andover High at Bethel.
- May 7—Mechanic Falls High at Mechanic Falls.
- May 11—Hebron Academy at Bethel.
- May 14—Berlin High at Bethel.
- May 18—Fryeburg Academy at Fryeburg.
- May 21—West Paris High at Bethel.
- May 25—Mechanic Falls High at Bethel.
- May 28—Berlin High at Berlin, N. H.
- June 1—Open.
- June 4—Fryeburg Academy at Bethel.
- June 8—Alumni.



COMMENTS

"The Passamaquoddy Oracle," "Central Recorder," and "Grinnell Review" are new exchanges. We welcomed them gladly and hope they will come again. We find some very interesting articles in the "Central Recorder." The "Grinnell Review" is a fine paper throughout. There are some splendid Book Reviews in the January number.

The Herald wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Arcon," Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

"The Breccia," Deering High School, Portland, Me.

"The Hebron Semester," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.

"Bates Student Magazine," Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

"Central Recorder," Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

"The Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.

"The Passamaquoddy Oracle," Shead Memorial High School, Eastport, Me.

"The Messalonskee Ripple," Oakland High School, Oakland, Me.

"Grinnell Review," Grinnell College, Iowa.

"The Stranger," Bridgton Academy, Bridgton, Me.

"The Red and White," Sanford, Me.

"The Arcon." Burlap Grones Detective is truly a very exciting detective story. Good athletic department.

"Messalonskee Ripple." We enjoy your Poet's Corner very much.

"The Hebron Semester." Yours is a good school paper, but we would like it better if the advertisements were all together.

"The Oracle." We are always glad to receive "The Oracle." We enjoy your stories. Your cartoon, "South Sea Adventures," is certainly good.

"High School Breccia." Your paper is one of our best exchanges. If we want a good laugh we read "Pebbles." Your Exchange Department deserves special mention.

"The Red and White." The French Department in your magazine is a novel idea. We like it very much.

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- (6) CO-OPERATION WITH PATRONS, thus
- (7) BUILDING UP THE COMMUNITY, and by practicing
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- (9) COURTEOUS TREATMENT, and rendering a
- (10) SERVICE THAT SERVES the needs of its patrons.

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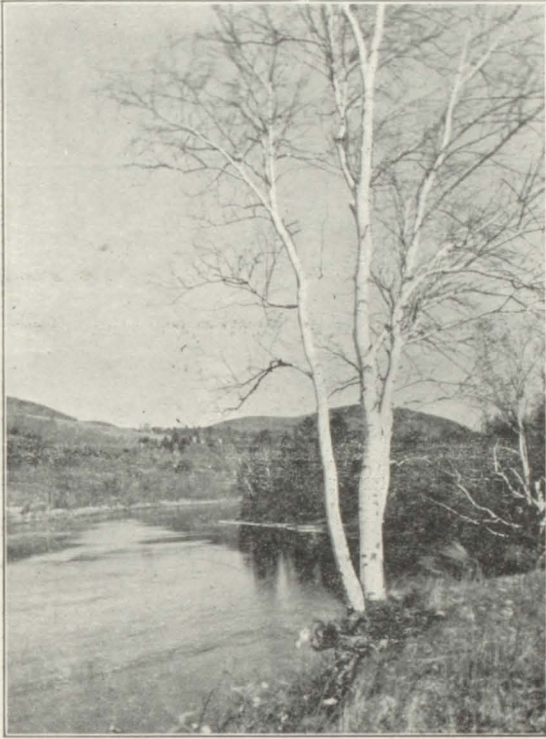
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